

# The Lion

June 1995

*A merely parochial newsletter for members only of St. Mark's Parish, Denver, Colorado  
The Antiochian Orthodox Christian Archdiocese of North America, Western Rite Vicariate*

*"Be it known therefore unto you, that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear it. (Acts 28.28)."*

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## A Russian Easter

*in the Year of our Lord 1915*

*as observed by an English woman, Etheldred Mary M. Hewlett, and printed in  
the Rochester Diocesan Chronicle, 1918.*

### PART I

AT the present time, when we hear so much of the Orthodox Eastern Church, it may be of interest to some to read a short account of an Easter spent in Moscow three years back; an Easter, whose memory remains ever fresh and beautiful like a vision of Paradise in the midst of the dull and unenthusiastic work a day world of the West.

Who could ever forget his first glimpse of Moscow, the city of a thousand shrines! A fit setting to this cluster of jewels are the glorious forests of pine and birch which you traverse almost uninterruptedly after leaving Warsaw. Virgin forests—vast, limitless entrancing—here carpeted with wood anemones, there again bare of flowers, here a patch of kingcups on some marshy ground, and there a clearing, with stacks of cut down wood, and at rare intervals a village with its picturesque huts and little domed church.

After an absorbing and delightful journey through these solitudes, which appeal to the imagination (so it seemed to us) in a way not the grandest Alpine or most radiant Italian scenery could do—suddenly Moscow of the golden domes flashes into view and you hold your breath with the thrill of it, and wonder whether this may not be a faint foreshadowing of the entrance into that City of gold and jasper, whose foundations are the twelve Apostles, and whose

Maker and Builder is God.

Golden domes, green domes, blue domes with gold stars, against a sky of vivid blue; such were our first impressions of Moscow.



And then the droschkies and their drivers waiting in lines outside the station! Who could fall to be charmed with those quaint coachmen in their long and thickly padded coats of saxe blue with sashes and fez caps, and such smiling good-humoured faces under the caps? Add to this, the vehicles themselves, like miniature victorias, the game little horses with their high collars, plunging gaily and recklessly forward to the accompaniment of cracking whips and encouraging expressions of endearment from

their drivers, and you have a picture as thoroughly Russian as heart could wish.

As we drove from the station our happiness and excitement grew at every step. We passed churches and shrines and ikons—glorious ikons of the blessing Christ, of the Holy Mother with the Divine Child, dear St. Nicholas, Bishop and wonderworker, the Archangel St. Michael, and hosts of other friends. Why, this was no strange country, it was home! this was "la patrie," here was a really Christian land at last!

What was the fatigue of a long journey, and who could think of dinner? Such a thing was not to be dreamed of, so we deposited our luggage at the hotel, hailed a droschky, and drove straight to St. Basil's in the Tverskaia-Yamskaia, one of the largest churches in Moscow.



It was Wednesday in Holy Week. Three or four priests were hearing confessions, each behind a temporary screen erected for the purpose. One of these was Father Nicholas, to whom we had an introduction, a priest with a singularly beautiful face, and who showed, us much kindness. A devout throng filled the church; most were waiting to make their confessions, many children among them. They stood intent and quiet, seeming to think neither of themselves nor of other people, but only of the King's Presence. Gloriously sweet singing came from the Royal Doors and we could hear "Gospodi Pomilul (Kyrie eleison) repeated over and over again. Tapers gleamed before the rich ikons, hundreds of lamps glowed red against the gold, and there in this beautiful sanctuary, standing to pray like the Russians, we offered our thanksgiving for our safe and happy journey to Moscow. Maundy Thursday morning found us again at St. Basil's, which was crowded with the same devout throng of people, only there were many more of them, including, a good number of babies, and they all came to make their Communion on the beautiful Feast of the Institution of the Blessed Sacrament. There were all sorts and conditions of people, all in their best attire. Officers in full uniform with medals and orders, ladies in silk dresses, young girls and children in muslin, peasant women with handkerchiefs round their heads, and moujiks with their picturesque kilted coats and high boots.

After receiving Communion (in both kinds) at the Royal Doors, each communicant goes to a table set in the middle of the church and receives a small piece of blessed bread (the "antidoron," corresponding to the French "pain bénit"), and a sip of wine from a large silver cup. This no doubt is a relic of the ancient "Agape."

The Communion of the babies (which up to the age of seven years is received under the species of wine only), was a beautiful and touching sight and surely most pleasing to the Lord, who said "Suffer the little children to come unto me." Here is a little group, father, mother, and baby-in-arms. The mother carries the little thing up to the Royal Doors to receive the Sacred Gift, and on returning, hands it to the father, who kisses it affectionately. The baby gives the sweetest of smiles and looks straight at us with eyes of speedwell blue. Who shall dare to say that these guileless souls are incapable of receiving divine grace? and how can we help thinking with sorrow of our English Altars, from which, contrary to our Prayer Book directions, Christ's lambs are too often debarred till they are

past childhood?

The glorious Liturgy continues; not till twelve o'clock is it over, having lasted three full hours. In the afternoon and evening the churches are again crowded to the doors with devout worshippers.

We went to church after church with ever-increasing edification and wonder. It was the expression of a whole people's fervent and whole-hearted gratitude for the wonderful gift of the Blessed Sacrament. It was impossible not to feel and to say, "Oh, if English Christians could but see how the Russians keep Maundy Thursday (and one might add, also, how the devout Italians and French keep it), they would be ashamed of their empty Churches and deserted Altars on the day of the Institution of God's greatest Gift to man."

## PART II

The Cathedral of the Saviour, where we attended the Great Vespers of Good Friday, is modern, but very beautiful, and though it has not the interest of the Cathedrals in the Kremlin, rich in ancient ikons and historical associations, yet it impressed us with dignity and solemnity.

The singing was exquisite, and absolutely unearthly; one could imagine such music from the celestial choir who sang the "new song" that none could learn save the forty and four thousand redeemed from the earth. If such was the singing at Constantinople when Vladimir sent his envoys thither, who can wonder that they returned saying, "We are persuaded the religion of the Greeks is the true religion, for shining ones from Heaven came down and mingled their voices with the choir." The Metropolitan of Moscow, in a black Mitre set with pearls, gave his blessing at the end, and passed through the Royal Doors.

An Easter Sepulchre was set up in the midst of the Cathedral, and people filed past and kissed the figure of the Dead Christ. All were quiet and deeply reverent, and we noticed that the congregation was largely composed of men of all classes and ages.

Easter Eve, like the rest of the week, was bright and hot. Everywhere were to be seen the most marvelous Easter Eggs (in all varieties) some made of wood and elaborately carved and painted, others of cheap composite material but beautifully embossed and gilded. Besides these, there were real eggs, dyed deep red, and boiled hard, and on each egg are the letters X.B., being the initials of the well-known Easter salutation, "Christ is risen." Our kind friend, Father Nicholas, tried to get us places for the great



midnight service in the Uspensky Sobor, the Cathedral of the Falling Asleep of the Mother of God, where the Tsars were crowned, but this was found to be impossible as the space is very limited, and so we had to be content to stand with our tapers in the crowd outside the gates of the historic church. It was not too easy to get inside the Kremlin, so dense was the crowd. In fact, we were almost carried off our feet when passing through the "Saviour Gate," under the wonder-working ikon, before which every man removes his hat.

It was a cheerful, picturesque scene outside the Uspensky Sobor. Bengal lights burning, bells booming, and, as midnight approached, the tapers of the faithful, like little stars, began lighting up all over the great square.

It was such a good-tempered, orderly crowd! We did not see a single noisy or rough individual. All seemed to realize that this was the night of holy Easter, and that they had come together with the sole object of hearing the great feast of the Resurrection announced by the priest. People came up in a friendly way and lit their tapers at yours, and courteously made room if you wished to change your position.

Coming back from the Kremlin about two o'clock on Easter morning we passed church after church all crowded, with large numbers of men, soldiers, students, and all manner of people. From Matins they go on to the Great Easter Liturgy at daybreak, thus spending the whole night and early morning in worship.

Wonderful people! "O si sic omnes!"

Russians are not like English Churchmen, who after keeping Easter Day itself with more or less rejoicing, seem invariably to sink back again into apathy on Easter Monday. No, in Russia during the whole of "Christ's Bright Week," as they beautifully call the Easter Octave, they keep high festival and a continual round of worship goes on.

The afternoon of Easter Sunday is devoted to

happy and quiet holiday making. We went by tram to the "Sparrow Hills" outside Moscow, from whence there was a glorious view of the beautiful city with its golden domes. There, among lovely woods of silver birch in palest green, is a tiny village of wooden huts and a little white church.

Crowds of cheerful, happy people were here enjoying the spring afternoon, strolling about or sitting at little booths drinking tea with slices of lemon in it out of glasses, and eating Easter cakes. We must not forget those Easter cakes!

The shops were full of them on Easter Eve, decorated with flowers, sometimes also with candles, and quite as good to taste as to look at! It is the custom for the priest to go round to peoples' houses and bless the "Easter Table" at which these cakes figure largely, and it is one of the delightful aspects of Russian religion, that every act is by it blessed and consecrated to God. Not only the worship in Church, but one's going out and coming in, the sitting down to table, and starting on a journey and so forth.

Easter Monday found us again at St. Basil's. standing for two solid hours tightly packed into a crowd of devout people at the Holy Liturgy.

With some little knowledge of the construction of ancient liturgies it is quite easy to follow the service, especially if you have an English translation on opposite pages of your book.

The Epistle, the Little Entrance with the Book of the Gospels in its embossed and jewelled binding, the reading of the Holy Gospel, the Great Entrance with the bread and wine for the Oblations, preceded by lights and incense, during which the beautiful "Cherubic Hymn" is sung, the Nicene Creed, Sursum Corda and Sanctus, the Anaphora (or Canon), containing, the Invocation of the Holy Spirit and words of Institution, the Lord's Prayer, Communion, and final Dismissal; all these are quite simple to follow and join in.

But it is impossible to describe the mystical beauty and wonder of these Eastern services.





After experiencing them most other worship seems cold and bare in comparison. This Easter Monday we found there was a special Communion of the Babies (that touching custom inherited from the Primitive Church). More and more babies kept arriving in their mothers' or their fathers' arms, and it was a moving sight to watch these infants carried to the Royal Doors to make their Easter Communion. The officiating priest held a large golden Chalice and gave each little child the Holy Sacrament out of a golden spoon. Some were tiny babies in long clothes, others were tots of two or three years of age, and it was a pretty sight to see groups of these approaching the Royal Doors together, an elder child often lifting up a tiny one to the priest, while the deacon placed his hand on each little head and wiped each baby's mouth with a silk handkerchief.

At the end of the Liturgy it became evident that we were to have the privilege of walking in a Russian Easter procession. Having taken part in many religious processions in other lands: English Church processions on Palm Sunday and Patronal Feasts: Rogationtide, Corpus Christi, and other processions, in France; and an Easter procession in Italy, I can confidently say that none approached in joyful exhilaration this beautiful Eastertide procession of the Orthodox Church. Huge ikons were carried instead of banners, a golden Greek cross led the way, and the fragrance of the incense mingled with the scent of bay, boughs of which are much used on festivals in the East.

Clang, clang, clang, jingle, jangle went the bells, light-hearted merry bells like those in Italy, but more so! Indeed no description could possibly do justice to these delicious bells of Russia, or the wild joy and Jubilation of them, crashing and jangling and tumbling over each other in the clear, pure, resonant atmosphere of Holy Moscow.

The same afternoon we had been invited to tea by Father Nicholas and his charming wife, who gave us the warmest welcome to their cosy little Rectory near the Church. As we entered, the good priest, in a grey cassock with leather girdle, came forward to greet us with a beaming smile. Holding out both hands, he said, "You know our Russian greeting, "Christ is risen," after which he kissed my cousin three times and shook my friend and me warmly by the hand. He and his wife both speak English and we spent an interesting and delightful afternoon. Their four dear little children were duly introduced to us, and as we took our leave Madame presented each of us with a pretty Easter Egg.

Through the kindness of Father Nicholas we saw the Troitsa Monastery under very favourable auspices. It is about 60 versts from Moscow. The day was brilliantly fine, and the first glimpse of the monastery was like a picture from some gorgeously illustrated Eastern fairy tale. Its fortress-like walls, with towers of dull red, enclose a multitude of white buildings, and churches with domes innumerable, golden, green and vivid blue, all gleaming in the brilliant sunshine, the graceful Greek crosses with their long gilt chains sharply outlined against an azure sky.

This monastery was successfully held for 16 months by the brave monks against a besieging force of no less than 30,000 Poles, in 1608. Outside the walls were numbers of wooden huts built of logs, and wooden booths where all manner of goods were to be sold, varying from costly ikons to wooden dolls and spoons. Streams of Pilgrims in costumes were mounting the hill to the monastery and it was all cheerful and Eastern and mediæval, like some romance of days gone by. The Russian monks are kindly folk, simple and courteous, and of great dignity of manner. We found we might wander where we would, and it was a delight to join the devout pilgrims at their devotions, following them into the churches and chapels and sacred shrines, all shining with rich ikons. At the door of each chapel sits a monk with flowing hair and beard, and wearing the high shaped "Kalemavkion" with its long black veil. Each pilgrim, as he enters, crosses himself three times in Easternwise from right to left and then advances to kiss the holy ikons. They have a wonderful grace and dignity, and their deep devotion is most edifying. Even the beggars, whose name is legion, are wonderfully clean and attractive. Their smiling open faces tempt the kopecks from your pocket, while their sheepskins and patched wallets give them such a strangely oldtime air that you begin to fancy them not mere mortals after all but beings from the land of Faerie, who in return for your humble offering, may give some magic gift of wondrous power. We visited the shrine of St. Sergius, founder of the monastery, which, adorned with many burning lamps, was reverently approached by a dense crowd of pilgrims. Finally, with great reluctance we left this interesting place, filled with wonder at its unique beauty and many marvels.

Space forbids more than a few passing words about the visitation of the Metropolitan of Moscow to St. Basil's on Wednesday in the Bright Week, and the Pontifical Liturgy at which we had



Antiochian Orthodox Church **WESTERN RITE CONFERENCE 1995**  
August 16, 17, 18 at The University of Denver  
**"Present Concerns: Smart Evangelism"**  
Proposed PROGRAM (as of 1 June 1995)  
for information: write Fr. John Connely, 1405 S. Vine Street, Denver, CO 80210 or call 303-722-0707

**WEDNESDAY, 16 August**

4:45 p.m. Transportation: Special Bus at Denver International Airport (\$10.00) departs with WRC Participants to DU.  
Arrival at Centennial Towers  
6:00 p.m., Supper in the Refectory of adjacent Centennial Halls  
6:55 p.m., bus departs to St. Mark's  
7:00 p.m., Vespers at St. Mark's Parish, Reception to follow.  
8:15 p.m., Orientation. Welcome by the Vicar General, the Very Reverend Paul W. Schneirla  
8:30 p.m., Lecture, "Present Concerns: The six fold Problem of proclaiming the Gospel to modern people as C.S.Lewis Saw It," Prof. V. Tschanz, Prof R.Tripp, et al. Towers Lounge

**THURSDAY, 17 August**

7:00 a.m., Matins/Mass at Evans Chapel  
8:15 a.m., Breakfast at the Refectory (Halls)  
9:00 a.m., Conference Notes. Lecture, "Seminal Events of the 20th Century," Professor Richard S. Geehr, Bentley College, Waltham, Massachusetts, Towers Lounge  
10:15-10:30 a.m., Break  
10:30-11:45 a.m., Questions and Discussion  
12:00 Noon-1:00 p.m., Lunch at the Refectory (Halls)  
1:15 p.m., Conference Notes  
1:30 p.m., Lecture, "Present Concerns and the Traditional Curriculum," Professor Torrance Kirby, St. John's College, Santa Fe, New Mexico, Towers Lounge  
2:30-3:00 Break  
3:00-4:30 p.m., Questions and Discussion  
4:30-6:00 p.m., Free time. Meeting, Vicar General, the Very Reverend Paul W. Schneirla and WR Clergy  
6:00 p.m., Supper at the Refectory (Halls)  
7:30 p.m. Vespers at St. Augustine's Church. (Bus leaves Towers for St. Augustine's at 7:15 p.m.) Reception to follow.  
9:00 p.m. Return to Centennial Towers  
9:15 p.m. "Practical Concerns : Church music," Towers Lounge

**FRIDAY, 18 August**

7:00 a.m., Matins/Mass at Evans Chapel  
8:15 a.m., Breakfast at the Refectory (Halls)  
9:00 a.m., Lecture and Discussion, "Practical Concerns: Smart Evangelism," Fr. Richard Hatfield, All Saints Parish, Salina, Kansas, Towers Lounge  
10:30-10:45 a.m., Break  
10:45-11:59 a.m., Panel Discussion, "Practical Concerns: Church School materials & instruction," Sarah Dinkler & Co.  
12:00 Noon, Lunch at the Refectory (Halls)  
1:30 p.m., Special Bus to Denver International Airport (\$10.00) for airport departures **after 3:30 p.m.**



Antiochian Orthodox Church WESTERN RITE CONFERENCE 1995  
August 16, 17, 18 at The University of Denver  
"Present Concerns: Smart Evangelism"

Dear Participant:

This year's Western Rite Conference will be held at the University of Denver in the Centennial Towers building. Centennial Towers is recently renovated with airconditioning and private and semi-private suites. A private room with 3 meals per day costs \$42.50 per day. A shared room costs \$37.50 with 3 meals per day per person. The Registration fee is \$55.00 per person. This third annual Western Rite Conference promises to be interesting, informative, and productive. Centering on the issue of evangelizing in the "post-modern" world, the conference will address the sources and nature of the anti- and unreligious assumptions and attitudes one is likely to encounter in bringing "modern" people to the Holy Orthodox Church.

Using C. S. Lewis' essay *Present Concerns* as a point of departure for the discussion of the essential historical and educational background which has shaped contemporary attitudes, speakers will address the topics of: "Seminal Events of the Twentieth Century" and "Present Concerns and the Traditional Curriculum." Come, listen, and share your experiences and opinions. Ample time is planned for questions and discussions.

A special bus for WRC participants, costing \$10 each way per person, is planned from the new Denver International Airport, leaving for the University of Denver on Wednesday, August 16, at 4:30 p.m., and returning to the DIA on Friday, August 18, at 1:30 p.m., for flights leaving after 3:30 p.m. Planning your travel around these times would help us in making convenient arrangements. Please indicate on your registration form if you would like to use one, both, or neither leg of this service. Travel from DIA to DU by taxi would cost about \$40 and individual shuttle van about \$15 - \$25.

Please complete and return with payment the attached registration form (or a copy). The earlier the better, of course. Thank you. For more information please call: Fr. John Connely 303-722-0707

Program Committee: Max Greenlee, Catherine Flynn, Richard Murray, Raymond Tripp

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REGISTRATION FORM for the Western Rite Conference, August 16-18, 1995

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Parish \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_ Tel: \_\_\_\_\_

Registration Fee: \$55.00 (\$75.00 after July 15, 1995)      \$ 55.00

Room & Board x 2 days, person/day, \$42.50 sg., \$37.50 dbl.      \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Extra days at the same prepaid daily rate.  
Please indicate the number of days x daily rate.      \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Bus to and/or from DIA (\$10.00 each way)      \$ \_\_\_\_\_

**TOTAL:**      \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Make your check payable to:      St. Mark's Parish  
1405 South Vine St., Denver, CO 80210



the privilege of being placed quite close to the Royal Doors and of receiving the blessing of the venerable-looking prelate. Quite in the middle of the service we were startled by hearing a small voice on our left remark "Good Marning," and there, with a droll smile on his face, stood a quaint little server in his vestment of silver tissue, who could not resist this opportunity, however inappropriate, of airing his English!

Space forbids, also, to dwell upon the glorious Cathedrals of the Kremlin, the ancient ikons encrusted with jewels, and the streams of devout pilgrims who crowd these holy places through the week, especially the Cathedral of the Annunciation, "Blagovieshchenski Sobor," where the mothers love to take their babies and press their little faces to the ikons. But one observation I must needs make before concluding this account of an Orthodox Easter. It is this. The spirit of Russia is just simply the joy and light of a warm and intense faith in the living loving Christ, the ever present Friend. The ikon of the blessing Christ is everywhere, the grave, kind face of the Saviour, with uplifted hand, greets you at every turn. It is in the stations, in the streets, in the people's houses, and in all public buildings. One is reminded of Ruskin's saying in his book "The Bible of Amiens," how it is not the Dead Christ but the Living One that we need to contemplate, and that is the beautiful happy lesson of Christianity. Of course there is, and must be, a place for the crucifix in all devout minds, but surely we in the West have too much neglected the joyful thought of the Living Christ, which is the very life of the Church in Russia. May not this be the secret of the fervent and joyous faith which permeates everything in that Christ loving country?

Our happy visit to Moscow is ended! Our best beloved little shrines in the Nikolski Street know us no more, we have bid farewell to the Kremlin, and to the quaintly curious edifice known as Vasili-Blajenni with its turnip-like and pineapple shaped domes. We must Sorrowfully turn our faces westward. And there at the station is the great ikon of the Blessed Mother with her Divine Child, a lamp ever burning before it, and all in the bustle of getting luggage registered, and tickets stamped, and paying porters, we must needs offer one more taper and breathe a last prayer on Russian soil that God would prosper our homeward way and bring us once again some day to this land of colour and romance, of golden domes and shining ikons, and fervent vivid faith.



Fr. John Connely, Western Rite Dean for the Central and Mountain States visited St. Vincent Parish in Omaha, Nebraska at the invitation of Fr. Stephen Walinski, and preached at Solemn Vespers on the occasion of their Patronal Feast. The new St. Vincent Church has been lovingly restored by the faithful. In this photograph we show the Revd. Rector, Fr. Stephen, in front of the high altar.



Deborah with Fr. Timothy Lowe and faithful of St. Nicholas Orthodox Church in Shreveport, Louisiana. St. Nicholas is a new Antiochian Mission whose warm and friendly members are looking for suitable land to build a church.



We rejoice with David Robin Gray and Sarah Elizabeth Gray in the birth of their son, Henry. Henry has two sisters, Jane and Anne Elizabeth. We expect Fr. Chad Hatfield to visit St. Mark's this summer for the baptism & chrismation of his young nephew.

Michael Dominic Benedict McQuaide, son of Nell McQuaide, will graduate from 8th grade on June 7, 1995.

Andi, grandson of Blaine & Rose Thomas, will graduate from High School this month.

Ltjg John A.C. Long will receive his wings on June 9, 1995 at NAS Corpus Christi, Texas. he will then be stationed at NAS Jacksonville, Florida.

May God the Holy and Undivided Trinity bless these young persons in all their lives. Amen.



## The Unashamed Pursuit of God's Kingdom

Book Notes by Virginia Tschanz

*The Way of a Pilgrim* Anonymous. Translated from the Russian by the Rev. R. M. French. Morehouse, 1931. In St. Mark's Library, # 248 in *Orthodox Authorship*.

When I was a little girl, I loved to read the adventures of Elsie Dinsmore, a saintly child of the Victorian era who single mindedly pursued virtue and whose behavior and motives were always above reproach. I was attracted to Elsie because I, too, yearned to be virtuous.

"Elsie Dinsmore" literature would be scoffed at now, for haven't we been enlightened by Freud, Skinner, Kinsey et al.? And haven't we been taught that everything is relative and that there is no absolute good?

As Christians, of course, we know that the world is wrong, that there is virtue and that there is truth. The worldly man scoffs because "...things that come from the Spirit of God are foolishness to him, and he cannot understand them, because they are spiritually discerned." 1 Cor 2:14

In the last *Lion* I commented on *Not of This World: The Life and Teaching of Fr. Seraphim Rose*. The Rose biography spoke to me because Seraphim was a contemporary who had been educated at the best colleges and who seemed most qualified for a life in academia. But Seraphim was able to see that the world was the scene of spiritual warfare and that his priority was to seek the kingdom of God. To that end he became a monk in the mountains of Northern California. His writings, smuggled into the USSR, were a great comfort for Christians struggling under an atheistic state.

Since finishing the Rose biography I have wanted to read more of the same. I found and read *St. Seraphim of Sarov*, the story of the godly Russian monk who lived from 1759-1833 and whose name, I assume, Seraphim Rose took when he was chrismated. (In St. Mark's library in the *Saints* section.)

Another book which I recently read with great pleasure is *The Way of a Pilgrim*, also about a Russian seeking the Kingdom of God. The foreword to *Pilgrim*, written in 1931 by the American Bishop George Craig Stewart, is most expressive and I quote it as follows.

"The Way of Pilgrim" is a charming and refreshing book, a fresh revelation of the heart of holy Russia, a genuine contribution to the body of literature which quite artlessly reflects the life of the Spirit within the heart of man.

The way of this pilgrim is not just the way of Bunyan's famous adventurer for God. Russia is not England; nor is Catholic piety the piety of Puritan Protestantism; but the quest for reality is the same, and the radiant Presence along the way is the same; and the slough of despond and the vision of the delectable mountains, and the road into the City of Peace are always the same to a Christian Pilgrim.

There is, however, this difference. Bunyan created a type, an allegorical figure, a stage character for his celestial drama. There is something apocalyptic about his dream. This Russian pilgrim, on the other hand, lives and moves in a light which is not the lurid light of the apocalypse but the quiet twilight of the gospels, of the garden of Joseph at dawn.

We see him (I almost said we smell him) as he trudges along in his rags praying without ceasing. A wolf is caught in his rosary; a dog drags him to his hermit master; a drunken soldier robs him of his precious Philo kalia; children run after him calling, "Dear beggar come back;" pious peasants entertain him; parish priests are charmed with him; he works in the fields with the farmers; he serves as sacristan of the Church; he walks twenty miles at a stretch to be present at the Liturgy; he heals the sick; he advises the wayward; he suffers hospitality graciously when he would be alone -- he is in love with God, for he has found the secret, the technique of constant communion with Jesus, found it in the ancient Greek fathers, and tested it in his own experience until he finds it true. He is, in short, that very practical soul, that wise and strong and joyful creature known as a saint.

The book is soaked in the supernatural and therefore it is supremely natural. It is quaint but not fantastic; curious but not outré, pious but utterly free from cant; in a word -- to use a noble word so frequently misused -- it is a spiritual book, a genuine aid to any pilgrim who seeks the better way." §



# June 1995

Sun

Mon

Tue

Wed

Thu

Fri

Sat

Thanks to Peter Fields & Subdeacon Theodore & Subdeacon Bede et al, for planning a regular good old fashioned pre-Conquest (c. AD 1000) English Mass of St. Edward, King & Martyr for June 20.

<b>1</b> The Ascension of our Lord 9:30 AM Liturgy	<b>2</b> Ss. Marcellinus, Peter, Erasmus Mm 8:30 AM Liturgy	<b>3</b> St. Kevin of Glendalough, Ab. 9:30 AM Liturgy 5:30 PM Evensong
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<b>4</b> <b>Ascension Sunday</b> 7:30 AM Morning Prayer 8:00 AM Holy Communion 9:10 AM Bible Class 10:00 AM Divine Liturgy 11:30 AM CHURCH WOMEN 4:00 PM Evensong	<b>5</b> St. Boniface	<b>6</b> <i>feria</i>	<b>7</b> <i>feria</i> 12:10 PM Liturgy	<b>8</b> Octave of the Ascension 9:30 AM Liturgy	<b>9</b> St. Columba of Iona, Ab. 8:30 AM Liturgy	<b>10</b> Vigil of Pentecost 9:30 AM Liturgy 5:30 PM Evensong
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<b>11</b> <b>Whitsunday (Pentecost)</b> 7:30 AM Morning Prayer 8:00 AM Holy Communion 9:10 AM Bible Class 10:00 AM Divine Liturgy 4:00 PM Evensong	<b>12</b> Whit Monday	<b>13</b> Whit Tuesday	<b>14</b> Ember Day	<b>15</b> Thursday in Pentecost 7:30 PM C.S. Lewis Society	<b>16</b> Ember Day 8:30 AM Liturgy	<b>17</b> Ember Day
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SW Region Parish Life Conference,  
St. Elias Parish, Oklahoma City

Plan to shop at the  
Charity Yard Sale, 24  
June at St. Mark's !

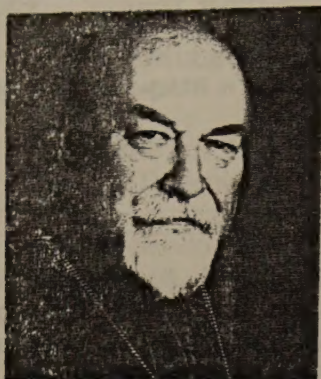
<b>18</b> <b>Trinity Sunday</b> 7:30 AM Morning Prayer 8:00 AM Holy Communion 9:10 AM Bible Class 10:00 AM Divine Liturgy 4:00 PM Evensong	<b>19</b> St. Barnabas, Apostle 7:00 PM Vespers	<b>20</b> St. Edward, King & Martyr 6:30 PM Mass	<b>21</b> St. Ephrem, D 12:10 PM Liturgy	<b>22</b> Corpus Christi 9:30 AM Liturgy	<b>23</b> St. Alban, M; St. Paulinus, BC 8:30 AM Liturgy	<b>24</b> Nativity of St. John Baptist 8:30 AM Liturgy <b>9:30 AM Orthodox Charity YARD SALE</b> 5:30 PM Evensong
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<b>25</b> <b>1 Trinity</b> 7:30 AM Morning Prayer 8:00 AM Holy Communion 9:10 AM Bible Class 10:00 AM Divine Liturgy 4:00 PM Evensong	<b>26</b> Ss. John & Paul, Mm; Ss. Vitus, Modestus...Mm	<b>27</b> Ss. Basilidies, Cynus, Nabot...Mm	<b>28</b> St. Irenaeus of Lyons, BM 12:10 PM Liturgy	<b>29</b> Ss. Peter & Paul, Apostles 9:30 AM Liturgy	<b>30</b> St. Paul, Apostle 8:30 AM Liturgy
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Fr. John, as Western Rite Dean, has been asked to officiate at WRite Vespers at the Regional Parish Life Conference in Oklahoma City on Friday, June 16. We have asked Fr. James Rooney of St. Benedict Mission in Wichita Falls, Texas to preach on that occasion.

The Guild of St. Edward, Martyr sponsor a special observance of the Saint on Tuesday, June 20 at 6:30 p.m. at St. Mark's. The ancient propers for the Feast will be used, including the Collect and Preface used in England in the first quarter of the eleventh century.



The Western Rite Vicar General, The Very Reverend Paul J.W. Schneirla, has approved the inclosed program for the August 16 - 18 Western Rite Conference at the University of Denver. Many favourable responses from laity and clergy and inquirers have been received.

The Rogation Days in Western Christendom are prescribed days of prayer and fasting in early summer (just before the Ascension Day) on which intercession is made especially for the harvest. These rogations derive from the processional litanies ordered by St. Mamertus of Vienne (c. 470), when his diocese was troubled by volcanic eruptions. These processions were popular in England in the Middle Ages and under Elizabeth I the Royal Injunctions of 1559 (No. 19) ordered the perambulation of the parish at Rogationtide.



*The Rogation Procession begins at St. Mark's*



*out the door*



*at about 1/3 mile & near the finish!*

A letter from Gabrielle Gannon of Holy Trinity, Spokane, Washington tells us that over 200 have been Chrismated as the Parish flees the fleshpots of PECUSA (episcopal church) and enters the promised land of holy Orthodoxy. Fr. Antony Creech now heads one of the larger Western Rite Orthodox Parishes in North America. Gabrielle writes, "Our recent mass chrismation of well over 200 souls made the news services, the diocese (episcopal) furious, and all of us filled with joy" God bless and preserve you all!

Deborah Campbell Connely, staff photographer. The LION is published for Members Only of St. Mark's Parish of Denver, Colorado about 10 times a year. Subscriptions may be purchased for \$ 9.00 a year. The Revd. John Charles Connely, Rector and Dean of the Mountain Majesties and Fruited Plain, Western Rite Vicariate. The LION is not an official publication of any entity and the views stated herein are not necessarily those of any persons living or dead.

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